the first of American statesmen making the only how tenderly we speak his name. Clay was our Vircompromise of his strenuous life with Slavery. He was far ahead of every American of that generation. He recognized the simple dignity of manhood-valor, courtesy, genius. But he did not see in Labor the highest dignity of all. Perhaps we ask too much. It required a more thorough development of the French Intellect to know the truth that Labor is divine, that her alters should burn incense to the scavenger as the sternest type of Labor. We judge Jefferson too critically when we apply to his policy a test that no statesman nor philosopher of that age could answer

-not even Burke, nor Hume, nor Adam Smith. The death of Hamilton, England's irritating folly In constantly teasing and annoying the commerce of the young Republic, the opposition of Mr. Adams to a th liberal domestic policy, the known preference of the Federal party for the English system, and, above all, Federal party for the English system, and, above and the influence exercised by France in the partial traumph, of the revolution, conspired to overthrow the party of the elder Adams. Jofferson was our most powerful statesman. Behind him was Virginia. He managed Napoison with consummate dexterity, and gave Slavery an empire in Louisiana. The people loved him with the confidence given by their children to n with the confidence given by their Andrew Jackson and their grandchildren to Abraham Lincoln. After he went to Monticello be continued to rule. His counsel produced the war with England. He founded the school known in our politics as the "Virginia Domination." After him we had what is called "the era of good feeling." The legislation of the country was devoted to the development of Slavery and the interests of the South. In the cold States the slave interest was never more than nom-loal. The census of 1790 showed about 3,886 slaves in all New-England. Delaware had twice the number, Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas and Georgis, held 648,657, nearly one ball being in Virginia alone. The Virginia Domination was therefore the strength of Sla very. When Jefferson proposed to prohibit Slavery in the tarritory ceded by Virginia after the Revolutionary war, thus emancipating Alabama and Mississippi after 1800, Virginia objected. But for sippi after 1800, Virginia objected. But for that objection, the Mississippi Valley would have reverted to Freedom, and Slavery would have been reduced to the Atlantic coast, to expire in time, by manition. The celebrated ordinance of 1787 was a compromise filled with all the vices of compromise. The very nature of Slavery was aggression. It could live only by preying. It never grew with such rapidity as during the "era of good feeling." That "good feeling" really meant the quiet of satiety, that Slavery would be pleasant and neighborly, so long as it would be permitted to occupy new States, elect Presidents, massacre the Indians, fight the English, and buy dominions from the Spanish and the English, and buy dominions from the Spanish and the French. It was the good feeling of the conqueror reveling in conquest. Slavery owned the Government—a most obedient, tractable, subservient Government—why not be amiable? It showed the extent of this good feeling when, after having devoured all that bad been given it by the ordinance of 1757, it east eyes upon Missouri and yearned for more.

If anything were wanted to strengthen the power

of Slavery it was the invention of Eli Whitney, whose of Slavery it was the invention of the Whitney, whose carear Mr. Greeley pictures with fond, admiring elo-quence. "Truly," he says, "the world knows little of its greatest men." There is a sad romance in the story of this man's life—his struggles, his disappointstory of this man's life-ins strugger, the power which his final recognition, and the power which his genius has exerted upon the happiness and prosperity of the world. A poor, quick-witted, ingeniou Yankee boy, given to the making of Yankee notions walking cames and pint, energetic, intelligent, en-tering Yale at 23 by dint of hard work, showing great mechanical power, he found himself drifting to the South as a schoolmaster—all our Yankee gradu-ates were schoolmasters in those days—where, seeing the necessity of the cotton crop and its impending failure, he invented the cotton-gin. Success developed malignant opposition. He was harassed by slaveholdara, by lawyers, by demagogues, who decried his inven-tion as a monopoly,—and by all who were interested in the commerce of flax, silk, wool and fors. His patent expired leaving him a poor man, although he had given to America an invention by means of which the natural production of cotton in the Southern States augmented from some five or ten thousand tion of tuns in 1859; this amount being at least threefourths in weight, and seven-eighths in value, of all the ootton produced on the globe. "To say," says Mr. Greeley, "that this invention was worth \$1,000. 000,000 to the slave States of this country is to place a very moderate estimate upon its value." The cot-ton-gin which made the South rich left Whitney poor, the competency he afterward amassed being oba competency he afterward amassed being ob-ined in New-England by an improvement in the rifle musket.

Reenforced by the colton-gin, slavery continued to Reenforced by the cotton-gin, slavery continued to grow. Beyond an occasional protest from the Society of Friends in Penusylvania, and duly offered prayers by good men in New England, it a need to empire unopposed. The Purifan intellect L. long protested st man-selling, but the protest was merely a mental exercise, the expression of a sentiment or an action, such an emotion as Christian men feel when ey contemplate the vast extent of the missionary work and read of the horrors of the Cannibal islands their conscience as devont men content to leave the matter in God's hands to be remedied in the great day of justice and reconciliation. But when wroth with evil, sially an evil which was no longer a sentiment, but s tyranny—coming to their doors claiming their heritage and demanding unresisting allegiance.

An intellectual antagonism between the men of the South and the men of the North faintly tints the early years of our history. New-Bugland intellect refined by two conturies of America, represented logical intrepidity, Virginia in tellect, enthusiasm. The Jefferson party was essen-tially French. Jefferson himself underrated Plato. Listly French. Jefferson himself underrated Plato. Even his genius could not soar to the sublime mystery of the Logos. The Virginian intellect was noble, impulsive, imitative, fantastic, reckless. The model of the Virginian philosopher was Sparta. He lived in the hope of being one day like Lycurgus or Solon. To the Puritan these men were as other men, no better, parhaps no worse; not beyond criticism or improvement, containly cartising the parkaps. mant: certainly very heathenish. One was retrogre meat; certainly very heathenish. One was retrogressive, the other progressive. "Let us," said the Jeffersonians, "become as the ancient Spartans." The other replied, "We hope to be better." The one believed in Hercules's pillars, the other preferred to take a hoat and see. So while one made speeches, and wrote poems, the other discovered a continent. In the warm Southern countries nature The was kind. She invited indolence. The earth and i waters gave the Southerner more than his body wanted. There were no rocks, no sterility, no tempostuous days, no short Summers and long, bleak Winlers, only sunshine and harvests, plantation dan pea and rude music. It was hard to live in the North. It was hard to die in the South. So life and its duties and ambitions became cheap. That contempt for human existence which France so horribly illustrated pread into our Southern countries. The people killed bach other in duels, and shot Indians, and sent hounds sach other in duels, and shot indians, and sent hounds after the negro. Since life was a lazy dream, why fread to fall sleep ! In its political sense this intellect, with its elements of the Cavalier and Jacobin, ponstantly warred upon the Puritans. "We seek suppire," it said in 1804, "and we must have Lousians." "We prefer enterprise, ships on the sea, rarn on the spinning jennys; let us keep what we have and improve it," said the Puritan. "If we take Louisians, New-England is overmastered, the star of empire rises over the Mississippi Valley." Jefferson was right in his theory that no foreign Power should well upon our borders, menasing our territory. The Puritan was wrong in distructing his power. What-byd empire Virginia might build, Massachusetts would wentually rule. The cotton-gin, the interior slave eventually rule. The cotton-gin, the interior slave trade, the annexation of Louislana, the Virginia commation, the final seizure of Missouri by Slavery, rere triumphs, but they stimulated the antagonism between the North and South.

A cloud arose in Massachusetts, no larger than a man's hand, but comely with the lightning of a man's hand, but precious wrath. The younger Adams, not the country ochoice, failed to win the country. A tall, gaunt, iron man, with deep blue eyes, and grizzly, thick, redish hair, the heavy jaws and high cheek-bone that has Scotch-Irish blood—the son of a Carrickfergus and his Scotch-Irish blood—the son of a Carrickfergus besant, whose name was notorious by reason of In-lian massacres and bloody wars, and who had gained the signal honor of defeating an army of real Englishmen.—Wellington's Englishmen, carrying banners that had been wrested from the armies of the great Napoleon, was now the darling of the people and rising to a power greater than that wielded by any American since Jefferson. A follower of the "Virginia school," he was destined to give force to its theory. A very lusty man, this loved Anak of the West, and looked upon with envy by the talkers and schoolmen, like Webster, and Calhoun, and Clay. Beset Harry Clay! how many songs we sung about him, and how we reveied in his exquisite leadership! Dear Harry Clay! whose voice was music, and the generosity, the candor, the insouciance of whose nature made men revere and women love him, even to kisses. the signal honor of defeating an army of real English renerosity, the candor, the insouciance of whose nature made men revers and women love him, even to kisses. and the cherishing of portraits and the naming of first-born shildren. Even now, when the intervening war sakes him almost as mythical as Amadis or Bayard.

ginian rhetorician-full of compromises-the man of to-morrow. His battles were armistices, his forts always covered with flags of truce. The crafty Jackson was too strong a rival, and Clay was swept

away.

The financial questions, so much agitated during Jackson's administration, were minor phases of the contests between Slavery and Freedom. Upon the abstract question of Frotection and Free Trade, the wisest reasoning teaches us that Free Trade is the ultimate growth of all civilization, and that just tarnitimate growth of all civilization, and that just tariffs lead to it as their fruition. As we nurture the
child into manhood by a careful system of restraints
and privileges, so do we cultivate our trade system,
that in the end perfect freedom of barter and sale may
exist between nations. This has been the policy of
England. Her tariffs were rigidly, and at times cruelly protective, until she commanded the commerce of
the world. The owner of one empire and twenty
colonies, under whose scepter all the fruits of the
fold and grown form of man's handieraft existed. the world. The owner of one empire and twenty colonies, under whose scepter all the fruits of the field and every form of man's handicraft existed, could afford to ask the nations to come to its markets and buy. A great thinker has aptly indicated the English policy to be that all the world should bring lemons and wine to London. Free Trade in England is the effort of the rich manufacturers to the world. control the markets of the world. Free Trade in America was the second step of Slavery. Slavery—capital in the sense of man-owning—had so degraded abor that every Carolinian who traded a bale of cotton represented in the barter, the vice, the oppression, the missry of a roca. The Massachusetts forter the misery of a race. The Massachusetts factor who traded his bale of cotton goods represented intelligent communities, clean-faced children going to school, churches, homes of love and thrift, the ballot-box. So Massachusetts declared that, to do patiet to her laboring man—to give him homes, churches, schools, and opportunity for advancement—she could not compete with the labor of England. she could not compete with the labor of England, oppressed and cheapened by capital, by corn laws, and heavy taxation, nor with the labor of the South which was simply that of horses and mules and machinery, needing only food, clothing and a pallet of straw. Carolina rose in the dignity of the cotton-bale and demanded that "protection"—or in other words, the attempt to elevate labor beyond the plantation standard than the standard. Unless that was amonded that tempt to elevate labor beyond the plantation standard should be abandoned. Unless that was amended she would nullify the tariff. On one side stood Massachusetts pleading for the dignity of labor; on the other, South Carolina demanding the absolute mastery of capital. Thus began the struggle known as Nullification, creating a great uproar in its day, and at one time believed to threaten war.

In this Nullification business the South won. Jackson threatened words proclamations, and comprom-

son threatened, wrote proclamations, and compromised. Mr. Calhoun pursued a policy which Mr. Davis ised. Mr. Calhoun pursued a policy which Mr. Davis followed in 1861. By taking the extreme ground of nullification he frightened the North, united the South, and destroyed the budding Emancipation movement in Virginis, just as Davis in 1861 frightened Buchanan and rushed Virginia into treason. Those who applaud Jackson for his courage in that crisis should remember that the imperious Tennessecan was almost as much to blame as James Buchanan 30 years later. To please the Calhoun influence, Jackson recomplease the Calhoun influence, Jackson recom-mended a suspension of Post-Office priv-ileges of the Abolitionists, and was willing that free labor in the North should become as slave labor in the South. He organized a great political party to be come a mere instrument in the hands of Calhoun. He was in favor of the annexation of Texas and the Ter-ritorial enlargement of Slavery. Jackson Democracy became Calhoun Democracy—for, while one was selbecame Calhoun Democracy—for, while one was selfish, personal, vindictive, the other, bold, compact commanded by the most subtle American of his time advanced steadily to the empire of Slavery. Jackson than Roger B. Taney. Taney was his parasite, his magnificently rewarded friend; and to Roger B. Taney -Jackson Democrat-belongs the infamy of deciding that Slavery was the supreme destiny of America, and the nominal condition of the negro in the territories. Jackson had no follower who traded more largely upon his favor than James Buchanan—and yet, in the ight of all the sublimely-terrible lessons of the past five years, James Buchanan, Jackson Democrat, sits down and writes that the criminal cause of the late war was the act of the American people disobeying and resisting the Tancy dictum which sought to es-tablish the everlasting power of Slavery.

Fur he it from us to take one leaf from the crown

that America has placed upon the brow of Andrew Jackson. A generation honored him as the most flustrious of men—another generation has been disposed to honor him as a demi-god. He was neither. Faithful in what he conceived to be devotion to country, we yet trace to Jackson, to his followers, to his realize manner of the successful and policy, many of the superinducing causes of the Secession war. He was the impersonation of force—by nature combative. You must either be his enemy or cession war. He wanture combative. his friend. You could not be his friend without be coming his creature, nor his enemy without constant danger of a challenge to personal combat, or an assault with cane and pistol on the highway. He created the policy that the nation should have none in in office but the President's friends, and that his personal preferences should control every appointment. Experience, honesty, fidelity, service in war, wounds in battle were nothing in the eyes of this resolute, narrow-minded man. Every office-holder must answer a Jackson test, and when these tests in-volved parlor-etiquette, and women's tea-table gossip, we can imagine the ignominy they entailed. You must believe with Jackson in everything, from his war upon the Bank down to his notions about the war upon the Bank down to his notions about the war upon the Bank down to his notions about the war upon the Bank down to his notions about the war upon the Bank down to his notions about the war upon the Bank down to his notions about the diers by James Buchanan (pity such speed was not imitated a year later!) and a brave old man was the ward! This one death showed in Slavery a curious It became a moral, patient sympathy, and found con-bolation in eloquent addresses, in prayers, and hymns of hope and freedom. So long as the Cannibals re-virtue of Mrs. Timberlake. The lesson has been als re- | virtue of Mrs. Timberlake. The lesson has been which has crept into official the debauckery life, in that absence of independence which can never exist when a man's livelihood de which can never exist when a man's livelihood de-pends upon his subserviency to a politician. Not the least among the causes of the Secession war must be placed the demoralization occasioned by this pol-icy. The Republic has never escaped from his centralization of executive power. It was a weapon which made the Democracy invincible as an organization, especially when headed by a soldier whose character appealed so strongly to our national love of vigor that we followed him with a tumultuous, inconsiderate is and whose memory even now is one

inconsiderate joy and whose memory even now is one of the most peculiar influences in American politics.

As we have said the cloud arose in Massachusetts.

On January 30, 1832, a company of earnest, enthusiastic, and what it was the fashion to call, fanatical men, assembled in the city of Boston and organized the New-England Anti-Slavery Society. On the 12th day of the December following, John C. Calhoun having resigned the Vice-Presidency on the Nullifica tion question, took his seat in the Senate as the Repre-sentative of South-Carolina. He came to conquer. Calhoun defiant and triumphant—Garrison defiant Calhoun defaut and triumphant—Garrison defaut and struggling—mark the antagonisms of the sys-tems they represented. If Mr. Calhoun had been defeated in 1832, the alliance between England and the South would not have been consummated in 1861. Secession was the natural growth of nullification. It was the spirit of treason, oppresion and usurpation. Clay's tariff was a compro-mise, and he gave us none more baneful dur-ing his compromising cureer. Upon the Clay prin-ciple: "Peace to-day—let to-morrow take care of itself." the measure was politic, but in the end full of evil. The concessions of that tariff strengthened Slavery. Cotton was crowned, and reigned over American industry and com-merce, ever wheat and iron and corn and coal and gold putil Mr. Morrill sneaking the vices of labor. ion and usurpation. Clay's tariff was a co cold, until Mr. Morrill speaking the voice of labor, broke the scepter. That reign gave the South a commanding influence in the markets of Paris and Lon-don. No man did more toward this result than Ano man did more toward this result than An don. No man did more toward this result than An-drew Jackson. Hating Calhoun, he only destroyed his temporary usefulness as a politician by adopting Calbon theories. The closer we examine Jackson's dealings with the South the more deeply we feel the misfortune of his cause. He conquered Calhoun by claiming to be a better Southern leader. From by claiming to be a better Southern leader. From
the day of that Compromise tariff, Calhoun reigned
in the Democratic party. Mr. Van Buren discovered
this, when he found himself driven out of the Presidency for presuming to recognize the dislike of the
North toward Slavery extension. Mr. Editor Blair
most certainly, when he found his chair transferred to
Mr. Editor Ritchie, garrulous Father Ritchie of Richmond, who wrote so many forgetable columns of words
in Washington newspapers for years to come.

Martin Van Buren became President because Jackson willed it. He entered upon an estate which had

Martin Van Buren became President because Jackson willed it. He entered upon an estate which had been recklessly managed, and found all manner of trouble with banks and tariffs by reason of his predecessor's wild notions about money and revenue. Mr. Van Buren was quite a good President in his way, allowing things to go to ruin and come to right again, here attentive to disperse in the superse and the again; very attentive to diplomatic dinners and the last French novel, and devoting his leisure moments to the Presidency. Slavery yearned for new Territories, and new Territories must be found. There was Mexico, eaten by clerical moths, but full of good if it could be developed. Texas was taken, and with could be developed. Texas was taken, and with Texas came that cruel, innecessary Mexican war. New-England paid the bill, but Slavery obtained the bounty. The bill was not paid without a protest—a sincere, angry protest in the Wilmot Proviso. We can never too highly appreciate that simple amend-ment of Mr. Wilmot and the good it did—the healthy discussions that came, the quickening of the Northern heart, the purification of parties, the gradual resolve to meet the coming danger as men, even to war.
That Proviso gave us California, and taught the
South, in the Compromise Measures, that its day of
unresisted dominion was at an end.

Now came the great mistake of the Slave Power.
If Mr. Calhoun had lived, this would most probably never have been made. If the South had

been wise, the contest would have been as protracted and enervating as the struggle between the Church and Liberal parties in Mexico. Slavery wanted the patient discipline of Rôme. It might have lived for centuries had it been content with Missouri and sought new conquests nearer the equator, respecting the comprenise of 1820. So long as no direct attack was made upon the North, there was enough of Conservatism—of shipping merchants and other flectories. was made upon the North, there was enough of Con-servatism—of shipping merchants and other factors— of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts manufacturers— of Broadway and the Bowery—to act as a sodative to public opinion and prevent any Northern uprising. That Northern sentiment wasvery loyal to the South. It mobbed Mr. Phillips with due regularity, carried slaves back with commendable promptness, voted the Democratic ticket, printed solemn tracts about Onesi-mus, and gave extended credits to Southern merchants. mus, and gave extended credits to Southern merchants.

Many sincere lovers of freedom acted with it—honest
and true men, who hated trouble, preferring to let
politicians take their course while, like Uncle Toby,
they smoked their pipes and worshiped God. The
Wilmot Proviso disturbed them, but great comfort Wilmot Proviso disturbed them, but great comfort came from the Compromise measures and the speeches of Webster and Clay. The new leaders of Slavery departed from the policy of Calboun, and accepting the advice of ambitious recruits like Douglas and Pierce, abrogated the Missouri Compromise and domanded the Territories of the West. Nebraska killed Northern Democracy. The perfidy was so manifest and inexcusable, that the honest Democracy withdrew their allegiance from a power which, conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity, proposed to dishonor every pledge and rise to empire upon the ruins of American liberty. A tremendous effort was made to elect Col. Fremont on this issue, but it failed, and the friends of freedom carried their rifles to Kabsas, the friends of freedom carried their rifles to Kadsas, determined to defend liberty at its fireside. Mr. Pierce retired from the Presidency, abandoned by the Pierce retired from the Presidency, abandoned by the men whom he had served to his own ruin. He was an amiable man, wanting force, nerve, moral purpose, the power to say no. A son of New-England, he was an alien to every New-England sentiment.

Mr. Buchanan was doomed to the Presidency at a time when he of all men was least worthy. His very virtues became vices in that period of agony and uproar. He managed the abip of State very much after the manner of the Greek mariners, as told by a noted traveler, bugging the shores as fondly as the Argo-

traveler, bugging the shores as fondly as the Argotraveler, hugging the shores as fondly as the Argonants of old, manifesting a most unsailorlike love for the land and preferring a rock-bound coast on the lee to no shore at all. His nomination was a compromise. Mr. Douglas had destroyed himself and the North by the Nebraska bill, and had as yet shown no signs of that repentance which shed so much grace over the closing menths of his life. He had done the bidding of the South, and they wished no further service at his hands. Mr. Pierce associated with Douglas and the knowledge, that as associated with Douglas, and the knowledge, that as President, he had been the mere instrument of Jefferon Davis, prevented his nomination. The wrath of the North was so genuine, the nation was so distressed by the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise, that no statesman prominent in the repeal the Northern vote. Mr. Cass was old. had the sins of Van Burenism and the Albany Re-gency to expiate. Mr. Dallas had ruined himself in Pennsylvania by opposing Protection. Mr. Bu-chanan, however, had passed the stormy season of the Nebraska disunion, under the refining influences of the English courts, discreetly silent, saying no word of approval or condemnation, pleasing the South by a Slavery-extension manifesto at Ostend, and returning home to be welcomed as a refuge and a compromise by the anxions leaders of the Democracy. Kansas became the battle-ground. Congress had dis-

honored the Missouri Compromise; the Supreme Court had directed the slave-tribes to go up and oc-cupy the land. Freedom took its rifle and made the issue one of strength. The growth of the Republic had shown that wherever enterprise, courage or thrift were permitted to shape a contest, freedom, from the very conditions of its existence, would conquer. Slavery saw that without the aid of the Government it would fall, and it came to the Government and demanded that the national authority should be used to strengthen its dreadful dominior Mr. Buchanan yielded under the pressure of the stern and resolute men who had mastered Mr. Pierce-of Davis, and Slidell, and Toombs. Then of Davis, and came the Anti-Lecompton struggle, which gave the Republican party power, and thought the South that the time had really come when, in the memorable words of Mr. Seward, either the cotton and rice-fields of North Carolina and the sugar plants one of Louisiana should be titled by free labor, and Charleston and New-Orleans become the marts for legitimate merchandise alone-or else the corn-fields and wheat-fields of Massachu

setts and New-York should again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and the production of slaves, and Boston and New-York become once more

elayes, and Boston and New-York become once more
markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men."
The irrepressible conflict had begun indeed.
The Anti-Lecompton agitation was violent and
long-protracted, destroying the Democracy by
throwing into the ranks of the Republican party those
whose allegiance had resisted the crime of the Nebraska bill. Events rashed upon us, and the Kansaa
contact was soon transferred to a layer field. Now contest was soon transferred to a larger field. Now must it be decided whether this country shall be altogether slave or free. For its own life

-from the very nature of its life, apart from
any opposition of the North-must Slavery fight.
John Brown made a raid into Virginia. Great uproar, behind the bayonets of the nation, no one could tell when another explosion would take place—such an explosion, perhaps, as we see in nature in the explosion, perhaps, as we see in nature in the phenomenon of spontaneous combustion. And yet Slavery was strong with the aggressions of 50 years. Its history was that of a hundred victories. It held the South; the Mississippi Valley was the heart of its empire; it controlled most of our eastern sea-board; it had gained a slave empire from Mexico; Kansas was a Slave State by laws and decisions, and beyond Kansas—the golden West—all opened to its legions. It owned the Senate, the Supreme Court seconded its decrees the army and the reavelid its regions. It owned the Schate, the Supreme Court
seconded its decrees, the army and the navy did its
bidding. It had practically suspended habeas corpus
and trial by jury in the North, and its ablest leader
was boasting of the day when he would call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill. Not the vainest boast -by any means—for in 1860 the slave interest com-manded the United States! It reigned—but the ne had come in God's Providence to fight for its

All this time there was an agency at work in America which, exercised a great effect upon the war, and which must not be overlooked as one of its controlling causes. We should omit all important element in this inquiry if we failed to consider the growth, the tremendous power, the almost imperial sway of the influence which we call "the public press." About the time Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Garrison came into antagonism this influence grew up in America, and especially in the city of New-York. It was to be to Shared anti-Shared was the control of the control of the city of New-York. very and anti-Slavery what the air is to breathing mai The newspaper of the early part of the century bear as much relation to the morning journal of our breakfast-table as the lumbering stage of 1820 does to our locomotive. These early-day journals were slow, prosy, dull, pretentions merely, with the latest news from Europe and the latest homicide jumbled into a corner, along with a poem from Lord Byron, an excorner, nom Mr. Jeffrey's last essay, a culegy on the racing qualities of Eclipse, and an appeal to tardy subscribers to come forth and pay the patient printer. The editor had little weight with his generation. His art had not reached the dignity of a profession. He had not learned his marvelous power—his influence with the minds of the people—that all the world his, and it only remained for him to pos-

Among the emigrants of the early part of the present century was a keen, ready, hard-working, thrifty, mischief-loving Scotchman. Having a certain faculty misener-toving Scotchman. Having a certain faculty as a writer, good humor, a wonderful knowledge of men and things, and a talent for amusing invective that suggested the shrewdness of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and the coarseness of Andrew Fairservice, he found ready employment. He had great ambition and tenacity. We presume he made little money; for we nacity. We presume he made little money; for we find him leaving journalism in disgust and attempting to teach school. But those whom the tarantula has to teach school. But those whom the tarantus has bitten must always dance, and so our adventurer drifted back to the press. Hard work and poor pay were the necessities of journalism in those days, even more than now. He tried Boston and failed. He atmore than now. He thee Boston and laired. He at-tempted a newspaper in Philadelphia and lost his money. The euphemistic politicians of that sedate metropolis were shocked by the plainness of speech of this droll Scotchman. He wrote letters from Washington in praise of Jackson, but the im-perious President had his man Blair from Kentucky, and wished no other favorite. He acted as sub-editor on the dreary New-York dailies, but they tied him down and he soon frayed his tether. Finally going down into a cellar, he arranged and printed a small four-paged sheet of paper, containing four small columns on a page, and sold it for one penny. It was rude, coarse, personal, malicious, but apt, ready with the news, and always in good hu-This Scotchman had power, and now coming to deal with the world in his own person, he would be heard and seen—nay more, he would rule. All the world learned from this waggish, laughing Scotchman—this penny-a-sheet Rabelais—that all the world was bad; that men were corrupt all the world was bad; that men were corrupt and women impure; that religion was hypocrisy, politics a fraud. hoper a fancy, this Scotchman only

remaining in his cellar, a marry, teasing Diogenes, charged to tell each man how bad his neighbors were for the sum of one penny.

This was the beginning of the agency called The New-York Herald. It took its part in the Slavery contest, always on the Slavery side, bilding up every leader in the anti-Slavery movement—the pure-minded Phillips, the carnest Garrison, the conscient tous Tappan, and the good men and good women who followed them and the good men and good women who followed them
—as creatures base beyond conception, cannibals living
on blood, the devotees of a horrible superstition. For
30 years this agency continued its words of scorn and
contumely, until thousands began to believe that
America would have no peace until the Anti-Slavery
wolves were driven out of society and slain.

What The Herald was to Slavery the influence of THE TRIBUSE in its humble way was to anti-Slavery. It endeavored to seek out the heart of the nation and led its advance in political and social thought. To attain perfection in human bappiness and make men better and wiser; to hate war with a horror that all feel when shrinking from bloodshed and crime, seeing in it only deva-tation of homes; the paralysis of inin it only deva-tation of homes; the paralysis of in-dustry; the destruction of commerce; the growth of evil passions—this was the policy which controlled its columns. It opposed the Mexican war with earnest, imploring, unrelenting emity. Beyond the glamour of war bulletins, and military triumphs and cities falling before the Yankee conqueror, it saw a beauti-ful country in desolation, our country man drive with ful country in desolation, our countrymen dying with malarious tropical fevers, men slain in the interest of the slave power and no possible gain but an empire for slavery. It did not believe that God could be honored by hewing Agag to pieces, that we were to hasten the good time by smiting every unbeliever hip and thigh. There was good in Agag if we could only find it out, and the Southern people might be induced to be loyal without throat-cutting. The influence of the American press may be t be understood by ob-serving that of The Herald in favor of Slavery and of The Tribune opposing it.

We are now in the Winter of 1861. The Robel leaders hold high carnival. The ballot-box has spoken, and there is no spoken but to the sword. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois is President elect. Puritan intellect has at last gained a triumph worth the hundred victories of Slavery. Little was known of this Abraham Lincoln, but in his character exists Abraham Lincoln, out in his character exists an eternal enmity to Slavery. There were men whose hearts saddened as they picked up the morning paper in the Summer of 1860 and found that one Abraham Lincoln of Illinois had been nominated by the Republican Convention for Presiinated by the Republican Convention for President. Did anybody know him? What merit lay in the coarse lines of his homely, rugged face. He had served one term in Congress, but made so little impression that President Taylor would not give him a small bureau that he craved. He had beaten Douglas in a local campaign, and delivered a sensible speech in New-York: but were these qualities for the Presidency? He was not known in editorials, or local items, or Congressional Globes, or telegraphic reports. American tame—the fame of the newspaper and convention—was foreign to him. "Surely," men said bitterly, "republican institutions have again failed, and again we have shown our incapacity for self-government. Can a statesmen never become President! Must our chief rulers always be of the Harrisons, the Taylors, the Pierces, and Lincolns? Can we never Taylors, the Pierces, and Lincolns? Can we never get a positive leader? Here is Seward, the chief of get a positive leader? Here is Seward, the chief of the great party; and Sumner, the sturdiest soldier that ever carried the banner of Freedom; the illustrious Chase; lusty Ben. Wade, if a man is wanted w marrow in his bones; Banks, who led the Republic marrow in his bones; Banks, who led the Republican party to its first national victory in 1854; and Bates of Missouri, who has the ment of not being Seward (and behind whom stands THE TRIBUNE), and twenty other men, all of whom we know—and yet this Lincoln!" The divine instinct of a people, which gives more than a proverb's truth to the sentiment that the voice of people is the voice of God, never acted more wisely than when it took this Lincoln from a village court of Illinois and anointed him leader of the people. Coming from an old Paritan stock, and representing the faith of the Puritan intellect, as well as the strength and freedom which came from a Western education, he was the truest American we have seen for many long years. It is too soon to draw him as he was, for we have not cease to feel the influence of the quaint majesty of simpl manhood which clothed him with a dignity more en-during than any than kings could give—the sadness of a martyrdom which has made one holy day in American history! A time for this when the dirges have ceased to sound and our sorrow has lost its

The sorrow and discontent of that dreadful Winter The sorrow and discortent of that dreading winter.

The Republicans in the agony of a triumph that could
only be enjoyed with blood—the Rebels vindictive,
stern, busy. Lincoln—President elect—remained at his
country-home—keen, watchful, silent. No word from
that most reticent of men! Buchanan seemed only to
write, study for precedents, and arrange compromises.

He had seen such troubles before, and knew how to manage them—for was le not a ripe states nan—ripe and mellow and full of experience—something fine and dry, like the rare old Madeimarkich was said to shed its fragrance over Presidential banquets t The vener-able Cass fretted in the State Department, and able Cass fretted in the State Department, and left in sorrowful despair. The remainder of the Calinet, with the exception of Black, who assisted the President with his wine and rhetoric, were busy "arranging the Administration" for Mr. Lincoin's advent, and making all the hay that could be garnered in the few remaining weeks of sunshine.

Toucey was sending ships to Africa. Floyd was supplying the Robel leaders with loyal guns. Cobb was evidenced in the supplying to advance Southern State securities. and borrow money on the national credit at a dis-count. No Jay Cooke in those days to strike the rock of national credit and make the stream gush forth! The Rebel Congressmen were firing the Southern heart, and devising new "truces" and schemes of delay. Old gentlemen like Crittenden were laboring with their poor reeds of a compromise, hoping to induce a complete surrender on the part of the North. Power had made radicalism conservative, and the Republican party remained quiet, com pact, anxious, awed as it were by the very ecstacy of triumph. Over everything, the gloom of an Arctic triumph. Over everything, the gloom of an Arctic night had fallen! Nothing near but strife, treason, cowardice. Nothing beyond but war. If Providence would but permit this cup to pass from the nation's

The voice of one man came out of the gloomrugged voice, harsh and jagged, voluble, given to periphrasis, not choice in English, but emphatic, easily apprehended, speaking reso ute nouns and adjectives that burned and seared; full of hate and adjectives that burned and seared; full of hate and anger, and withal very sweet in the hour of yearning. The joy of that rough voice! The mon who speaks stands alone amid his class. A Seaster of the chivalreus South, he beasts that he is a please. A man of Tennessee prejudices and notions, who sees no value in the negro save that of money, he honors labor when it is white, forgetting that the dignity of labor does not come from color; that the sweat rolling from the black man's brow is as bleased as that which trickles down his own nale face. A good deal of Cromwell about him, a rude de-votion to God, especially the attributes of wrath, a faith in predestination, much as that of Jackson when old, decrepit, grave-moldy, he crept into the bosom of the Presbyterian church and found consolation. "Our country," said this Senator on one occasion, "must have been in the right, or the God of battles would sometimes have been against us. Mexico must have been in the wrong—she is a doomed nation. The right red arm of an angry God has been suspended over her, and the Anglo-Saxon race has been selected as the rod of her existence," which recalls one of Oliver's "crowning mercies"—Drogheda, for instance. He is not merely passive, like the timid Fitzpatrick, content to sit and mope over the Union, drifting into Seces sion, protesting, helpless, anxious, looking hither and thither for some poor plank of a Crittenden Compromise to pull himself ashore. A slaveholder, he denounces the aristocracy. lieving in States' rights he advocate coercion Senator from a Rebel State, he would hang all who ebel. This tailor-man, whom Benjamin and David insult, looking with the eye of a mechanic, reads the heart of the people, and speaks the word that all men crave to hear. That word, loudly spoken, made Andrew Johnson President. Stephens had approved Secession with finished logic. Nelson had cried over the Union stars and spangles—but Andrew Johnson went the one step that no other Southern states-man durst take, and demanded the punishment of man durst take, and demanded the punishment of traitors by hanging them to a tree. The nation took Andrew Johnson to its heart. It was a time of mania—the mania coming from fever; when weak people say prayers and beseech the intercession of some special idol. Our idol was Andrew Jackson. If he only could come from his grave, with bristling hair and fiery blue eye—gaunt, and the property and the angry, resolute as when he "destroyed" nullification— if only Jackson could come to us from his Hermitage tomb, the nation would be saved. Even while kneeling at this dead man's shrine, and bemoaning the fate that had taken him from the nation, there came a that had taken him from the nation, there came a Tennesseean, of almost self-same name, breathing defiance to treason. The speech of Johnson, the loyalty of Scott, the courage of Anderson, were the noblest feature of our nationality. All else had gone down in that sea of awarchy, Secession, unresisted treason. But for these faint gleams of light, chaos would have come indeed.

The men who controlled our national councils.

were Crittenden, Seward, Davis, and Douglas. The

fama of Mr. Douglas has already passed into his-tory. Crittenden is in his grave. He attained the

tory. Crittenden is in his grave.

The men who controlled our national councils

consolation which atones for the want of gonius | needed but a man to lead the armies of Emancipation |

in the eyes of medicerity, of knowing that he lived without making enemies and died without making friends. He strove to avert war by crying peace when there was no peace. To prevent strife he had any number of contrivances, the best of which was of as much practical value as Mrs. Partington's celebrated mop during an Atlantic storm. Coming from the middle ground of Kentucky, he saw good in North and South; believed that there was but a misunderstanding, and did not know that a great principle was striving to live, and that the contest was already beyond the control of mere men. He had seen the abomination of a compromise over and over again, and proposed that all should meet and talk—that principle be surrendered to Slavery, with an Indian dance and pipe-smoking. William H. Seward was the leader of the Republican party. He had led it to victory, and, with his superbintellect, discorned in the beginning the true meaning of the contest. The leader of a triumphant party, his speeches were dwelt upon by the country with hungry craving anxiety. During that Winter, however, the mantle of leadership fell from his shoulders. He was scarcely fitted for that stormy time. A student and philosopher, his tendencies were theoretic, not practical. The faith that recognized a "higher law, and the wisdom that saw an "irrepressible conflict," seemed only to fail when Providence brought him to the actual conflict—war, civil war and insurrection. When he spoke of sixty days' trouble and permanent peace, he probably expressed a hope that all good men shared, and not a belief which every statesman knew to be impossible. Mr. Seward's influence during this period was weakened by his memorable speech proposing a convention and other compromises. The feeling of the loyal North was beginning to assume that expressed by the rude rhotoric of a Western Senator, who declared that the Union would not be worth saving without a little

At the head of the South, was Jefferson Davis, & Senator from Mississippi. For a time, the question of leadership lay between Jefferson Davis and Robert Toombs, Senator from Georgia. It is well understood Toombs, Senator from Georgia. It is well understood that nothing but the doubtful character of Mr. Toombs prevented his election at Montgomery as President of the Confederacy. There is much in the great, shaggy Toombs that we admire. A stern, violent man, full of passion, adding great vices to great virtues, he seems to have been marked for a revolution. To us, he sp-pears the ablest of the Rebel leaders. He had a wild pears the ablest of the Rebel leaders. He had a wild love of liberty, andacity, a hatred of standing armies, ("it was just as impossible for the Ethiop to change his skin, or the leopard his spots, as for a regular army to be the friend of liberty"), and as the leader of the South he would probably have made the war more dreadful and less protracted. Davis was a good man in the church-warden's and orderly-sergeant's sense of in the church-warden's and orderly-sergeant's sense of the term. His life was said to be pure. His attendance upon divine service was regular. The woof of brest Foint marked the web of his life. His career bore an oppressive sense of regularity—of reveille and taps and morning prayers—the discipline of the martinet. His self-esteem was the controlling element in his character. To this must be added a will of iron, and a body that, suffering from constant disease, gave his temperament a tinge of bitterness. Traits like these would prevent the most gifted of men from becoming great in civil war. A projudice in the wind of Devi West Point marked the web of his life. His career would prevent the most gitted of men from becoming great in civil war. A prejudice in the mind of Davis was a conviction; and in the creation of a policy, the management of armies, the selection of friends, he was earnest, inexorable beyond reason. During this Win-ter, he was a reluctant follower of secession, never going so far but that there was a chence of returning, and we see no evidence of actual sincerity on his part until the Montgomery Convention made him its leader. His popular speeches during these weeks, were finspecimens of what may be called gaseonade, and merely echood the angry feeling of the Southern people. Toombs was the leader for action. He overmed Stephens in Georgia, achieved the seizure o whelmed Stephens in Georgia, achieved the scizure of Fort Palaski and Fort Jackson, the beginning of the aggressive policy on the part of the South, and in every step was restless, determined, spergetic. We see in his conduct a constant desire for bloodshed, a keen comprehension of what the nature of the struggle would be, and the wisest means of meeting it. Mr. Slidell and Mr. Mason were as anxious for it. Mr. Shaell and Mr. Mason were as anxious for war as they were to escape from the country when it began. Mr. Yancey, to whom Secession was a mania, and whose oratory was a perfect type of the fiery declamation of the South, was going hither and thither like a Peter the Hermit, preaching revolt. Daniel of Richmond, the great journalist of the South—a man of rare genius—was writing from day to day burning accessive in the old English style of orthography. appears, in the old English style of orthography, to the people of the South. Poor Daniel! None did so much to create the war, and none felt defeat more swiftly. The guns of Lee's surrender were the direct over his new-made grave. Benjamin, fresh from making Union speeches in California, gently slided into the disunion cabal in Washington; while Pryor, chief among the younger of the chivalry, proud, ele-quent, daring, was claimoring for the hour of action— the hour when Shrewsbury clock would strike the

The progress of the war was marked by a strange hesitancy and trepidation—a failure to grasp events, painful and tedious experiences. Our rulers walked s blind men who groped; and, when Sumter opened their eyes, they did not see the Rebels in their tru light, but as trees walking toward them. So thorough ly had the spirit of Slavery entered into all the gates and alleys of our political body, that the poison was everywhere. West Point, rich in the valor of many illustrious sons, threw all its tendencies against the Union. Success had made Slavery respectable, and to tent and ward-room. The most accomplished offi-ers of the service had "gone with their States." Joe lohnston, Beauregard, Hardee, and a hundred others who were supposed to represent the flower and fash on of the army, abandoned their flag to follow the anner of Mr. Davis. The nation insisted that a blow should follow a blow; but it was given with a nerve should follow a blow; but it was given with a nerve-less, hesitating, half-believing force, by men who had no heart for the fight. Our army was an army of dress parades and well-appointed bands of music, glitter, show, pemp and fanfaronade, with guily decked commanders at the head. Bull Run was a blossing—bloody and tame and disgraceful as it was— for the mob that sadl; plodded through the damp and eavy roads of Virginia, amid cloud and rain-storm drifting into the camps around Arlington, thus learned stern and wholesome lesson. From the day of Bull Run, the war passed into the hands of the private ddior "The battle is as decisive as Austerlitz "sh The Lond a Times. It would have been Austerlitz ndeed, had the men who caused Bull Run been per-

mitted always to manage our military destinies. Our first commander was George B. McClellan, young man who had graduated with distinction at West Point, and shown valor in the Mexican War. He was known as a steady, careful, quiet man, student of war, and fond of his profession not thirty-five; but he had seen service in the Crimea, and studied the military systems of Europe so carefully that he wrote a book about them. He was a good cavalry officer, and had given our cavalry a good cavary onner, and has gived our cavary-men much comfort by inventing an ingenious saddle. Like all ambitious young men, without fortune, he had abandoned the army, and was in the railroad business when the war called him to command. The stery of his command is too fresh in the public mind, and too much the subject of dispute, for us to pass a definite opinion. He was under the influence of Slavery. One of his first orders promised, "with an iron hand," to "crush any attempt at insurrection upon the part of the slaves. When he stood helpies and trembling at Harrison's Landing amid the rains of his splendid army, he sat and wrote within hearing of Lee's guns, that the "forcible abolition of Slavers should not be contemplated for a moment." when Emancipation was proclaimed, he gave a petu-lant consent, never failing to show that he differed from the measure, and believed it to be unjust and unwise. His politics seemed to have been shaped by the Albany Regency and the wishes of the Democratic leaders, and his strategy was the result of his politics. Ambitious men surrounded him, and the atmosphere in which he lived was an atmosphere of intrigue. Hi Peninsular campaign destroyed his career as a Gen-eral. "Never before," says our historian, "did an a wan.

The man did not come! Pope was sacrificed by the friends of McClellan-and, as one or two of then were not shot summarily, the baneful influence was allowed to afflict Hooker, Burnside, Meade. Antic tam was won by the army of McClellan, and lost by the commanding general. Instead of following Lee who certainly traveled fast, he entered into corre spondence with the War Department on the question of shoes. The end of this correspondence was that the about six weeks under was sent to army reached Warrenton about six week after Lee, and its commander was sent to Trenton. Burnside gave us the "bloody baptism" of Fredericksburg; of Fredericksburg; Burnside—a magnanimous easy soul—kind in heart, sympathetic, loyal, brave but without the genins for a great command, especially the command of dissatisfied and chagrined followers of McClellan. Hooker held the army five months: was defeated at Chancellersville in a manner which military critics have never explained; and was re

Heved by Meade, who fought the battle of Gettysburg

- e crowning battle of the war—and with Waterloo

- wa, the greatest battle of the century. The pation, after hesitating, doubting and fearing, until his best friends were dismayed, and nothing was

and direct the valor that had been torn and wasted en so many bloody fields.

When the young McClellan took command at Cincinnati of the Onio militia, a middle-aged gentleman, engaged in a small bu iness in Illinois, formerly his comrade in the army, came to Clincinnati and passed a day or two around his headquarters, hoping to be offered a small place on his staif, but, being proud and sensitive, made no appeal. McClellan did not gratify him, and he returned to his home. Yearning for active duty—feeling that he owed the nation service for its kindness to him—he tendered his services to the Governor of Illinois. We believe he was set to copying muster-rolls, or some other clerical work. He labored a day or two, and grew weary. "A man can be got to do this for a dollar a day," and he ceased. Finally he was given a small command, and went with regiment into Missouri. He worked hard. He had the true instinct of war—a love of battle, conscience. and direct the valor that had been torn and wasted on the true instinct of war—a love of battle, conscience, purpose, and the death-compelling grip that never loosened the hold on a victim. This was Grant, the Private Soldier personified. The men upon whom he relied—Sherman and Sheridan, Meade and Thomas were selected for their courage and capacity, and more than all for their success. From the day that these men took command, the fate of the Rebellion was upon it. Mr. Greeley, who is just to all generals. loyal or Rebel, and who has little enthusiasm in his judgment, thinks that "a great military genius, such as appears once in two or three centuries, might as appears once in two or three centuries, might have achieved them at a smaller cost," and scarcely rauks Grant with Frederick or diarlborough or Napoleon. Relative questions of genius are always debatable. Schoolboys still discuss Cusar and Bonaparte, and all we care to know of Grant, is the judgment that Mr. Greeley gives, that he had the merit "of resolutely undertaking a very difficult and formidable task, and executing it to the best of his ability—at all events, doing it." Can we say more of the greatest of men?

atest of men ? But we must close. To follow our author through his compact and massive labor would be to attempt labor as great. The honor that comes from the war must be given to the private soldiers "who flow to the rescue of their imperiled country because they so loved her that they freely proffered their own lives to save hers." To the private soldiers, than, living and save hers." To the private soldiers, then, living and wounded—to the memory of the dead who lie in bloody and sheetless graves—we give all the glory, and Mr. Greeley justly dedicates his volume, as "a record of their privations, hardships and sufferings as also of their valor, fidelity constancy and triumph." We have shown in this hasty epitome of the military portion of Mr. Greeley's work the weakness of slavery-loving generalship as shown by McClellan—as well as of slavery-stricken statesmenship as shown in the beginning of the war. It was not till our armies unfuried the banner of Liberty—and our statesmen wrote her decrees—it was not until the Citizen and the Soldier gave emphasis to the conflict, that we began to triumph. Wisdom was better than the weapons Wisdom was better than the weapons

And now, as we close these volumes and think of the past, and criticise the men who ruled our national councils, as well as the soldiers who set our squadons in the field, we cannot but feel how very and frail were the best of us in that dreadful time In the beginning and almost to the end, the spirit of chaos seemed to reign over the republic. The strife of 60 years, the intellectual and moral antagonism which we explained at the beginning of this review, which we explained at the beginning of this toylew, could end only in battle. The people felt this, and they waited patiently; long-enduring, conscious of strength and truth, certain of victory, hoping for peace, but not rejecting war. The blow came. The flag went down upon Sumter. The nation-was, as it were, slapped in the face and from that hour war was necessary to peace. How we met it—how nobly a great people accepted the challenge—the suffering, the herotism, the self-denial, the unrelenting sternness with which the Puritan in the evil that threatened our national life, are told in these volumes. We see how every compromise of our history has been a sin in morals, a surrender in politics, the cause of lasting and enervating evils. We trust that now, in this seed of the condernies the rublime lessons of the American Condernies the rublime lessons of the Rub ond crisis, the rablime lessons of the American Con-flict will not be forgotten—that we shall not surrender the results of war and emancipation—but, scorning the teachings of slave statesmen and of slave domination, establish upon the American continent the dignity of labor, the integrity of the republican system, and the universal brotherhood of man. J. S. T.

FINE ARTS.

In the window of Haughwout's shop, corner of Broome-st. and Broadway, there has just been placed the bust weeks ago in these columns. It is now for the first time publicly exhibited. We are glad to see a young sculptor make his first appeal to the public with so strong and manly a produc-tion. Our older cliizens who remember Mr. John Frazes, a tion. Our older citizens who remember Air, John Fraze, a sculptor who in a field which his times made narrower than the would be to day, earned a wide reputation for the vices and truthfulness of his heads—will be gird to know that his son has taken up the chizel which he resigned, and bits fart to make his family name still more widely and more favorably known. It would be nowise and unfrendly to say more of Mr. Frazesh work than that it gives excellent promise. It is simple and nonfected in freatment, and being closely modeled after the bust of Jackson which his father made for the City of Now-Cleans—the only bust for which Jackson over sat—it is an Orieans—the only bust for which Jackson ever sat—it is as unquestionable likeness. Mr. Frazze by this beginning seems to have seen a better way in sculpture than that which he been reducing the art, here and in England, to be the comment of drawing-rooms and the delight of children. May be dare to walk in it.

Mr. William Schans, No. 749 Broadway, has lately received a bust in marble by the French sculptor, Henri Cor dier, which our readers will do well to see before it is carried away to adorn some private house. It is a portrait of the famous Roman model called from her singular headty "Le Bella;" and never has that beauty which has employed the Bella;" and never has that beauty which has employed the breakes and chiecks of so many artists been more grandly potaryed than by Cordier. There is a very fine bust of "La Bella," by Powers, if we remember rightly, smaller than the Gordier's, and with less action, in the possession of Mr. Longfellow, where in our boysas days we used to see it standing like a protection criticity by the side of that study-door from whence have issued so many thoughts whose beauty she may have insured. Since then we have seen one or two other busis of her, but none worthy to be remembered in the presence of this lordly one by Cordier. We believe that this is the drawwork by Cordier that has been brought to this country where his name, high as it stands in France, is as yet but little known. A papil of Rade—who stands perhaps as the master of the Franch realistic achool in acquisiture, and whose "Boy with the Tortoise" has the same relation to the scoupture of the victures of Eastlake and Maclisc—Cordier has followed the encellings of that strong and carnest if not highly imaginative artist.

artist.

Cordier early showed a strong inclination to study the different typical races of men, and soon after the enhibition of his first work in marble in the Salon of 15ts, he visited Africa at the exponse of the Government, and made numerous stories is his favorite field. A part from the high artistic qualities of his productions, they have a great accounting value, for he reproduces with exactness not only the forms of the head and the features, but the arrangement of the hair, the dress and the framework. Thus we have faithful portraitures of Sald Abdullah, a Chinese Brida, an African Venus. Monsolam and Negro heads, 12 busts of natives of Algiers, and others of like character. Cordier has, also, in pursuance of his aim at exact portraiture, resorted to the expedient of employing, several materials in the same work. Thus in his bust of an Afrarian Jow he employed bronze for the lead, and onys and portpart for the dress and ornaments. This bust we have never seen, but in the great Exhibition of 1800 there were two heads of natives of Mozambique, in which, beside marble and bronze, gold was employed for the ornaments. The sault was an effect of barbaric rachness which, however iscompatible it may have been with right ideas of art, we mais will think deserved alt the praise it received on the pround of a foreible and satisfying suggestion of the truth of nature we made upon the mind of the correct any impression we have made upon the mind of the accuracy of its rendering of material facts. It is become distinguished. We are, above all impressed with a certain wide sympathy of nature by which he sees what is weetly dependent of the support and richer forms of the Africas and Eastern races develope beauties seidom silowed, seldom felt, indeed, but appealing at once to the universal sends, when treated by a master's hand. artist.

Cordier cerly showed a strong inclination to study the dis-

SOLDIERS' ROUNTIES.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribuse.

Sir: In to-day's issue of The Thibuse I notice an article in regard to act of July 28, entitled "An act to Equalize Bounties," which states certain rules which must observed in making application therefor. I wish to add

another clause:

"No soldier need apply who received subsequent to calistment a commission, as he is not entitled to the boness."

f said act."

As a constituent I would bring to your notice a few As a constituent I would bring to your notice a few technicalities which result to the injury of a soidier.

I enlisted in 1862, received less than \$100 bounty, and remained actively in the service over three years. April 17, 1865, I received a commission, and shortly after an act was passed by Congress providing for payment of three months extra pay proper for enlisted men and officers as well. I was informed that I was not entitled to it as an enlisted man, as I had received a commission, and also was not entitled to the same as an officer, as I was promoted subsequent to April 1, 1865. Consequently, I received no interest or benefit whatever from the undoubtedly liberal intention of the originator of said act. I would ask is this right! Shall these technicalities be ablowed to engulf all claims presented by the soldier!

Yours truly,

Late A. A. G. U. S. Vola.

Bingaanton, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1866.

SERIOUS RAILBOAD CASUALTY .- Early last evening Mr. Julius C. F. Finney, a resident of Norfolk, Ct., attempted to jump on the front platform of one of the passenger cars of the 6.20 p. m., New Haven express train bound up, but missing his hold fell, and the our passed over his leg, manging it is a terrible manner. The unfortunate can was conveye to Bells we Hespiral. The attendant surgious pronounced his case a hor-less out.